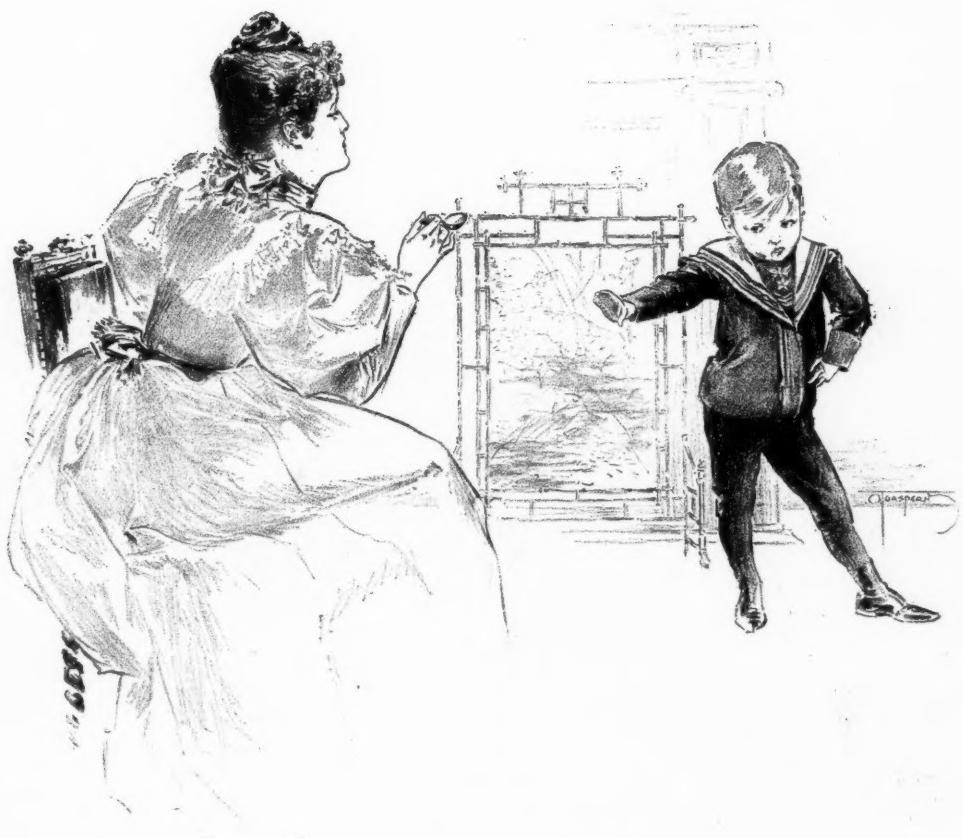
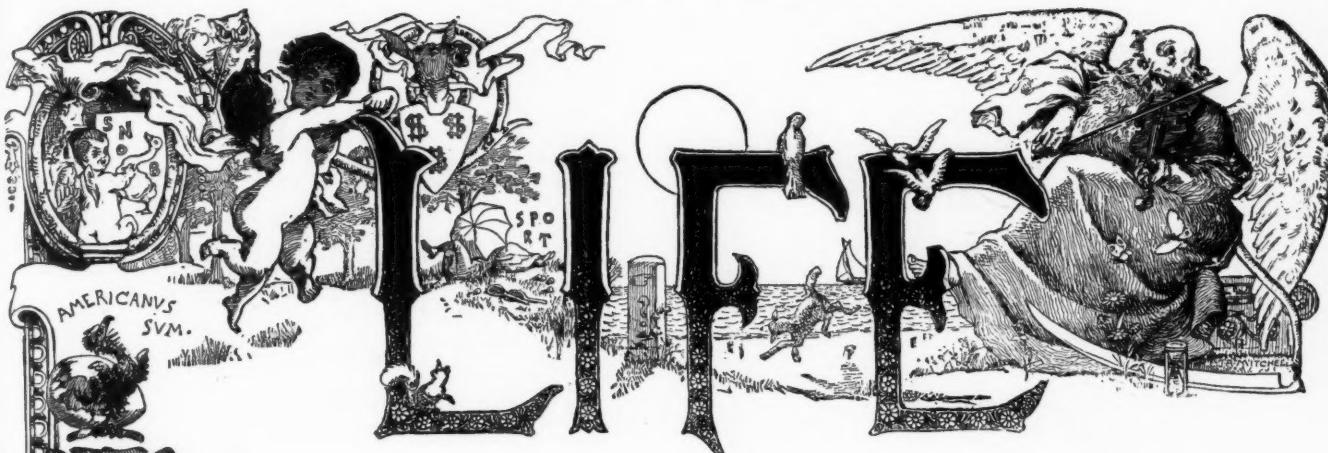


VOLUME XXVII.

NEW YORK, JUNE 18, 1896.

NUMBER 703.

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THE PROPER TIME.

"I CAN'T TAKE THAT COD-LIVER OIL, AUNTIE!"
"WHY NOT?"
"MOTHER HAS TAUGHT ME WHEN TO SAY NO."

• LIFE •

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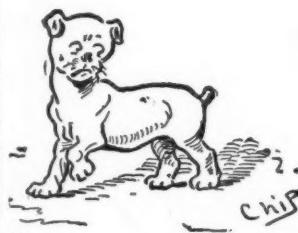
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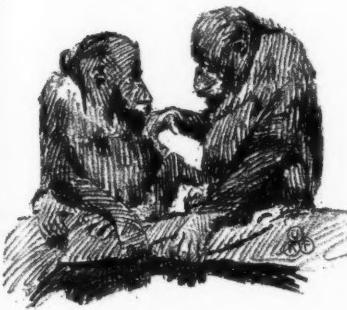
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VOLUME XXVII

LIFE.

NUMBER 703

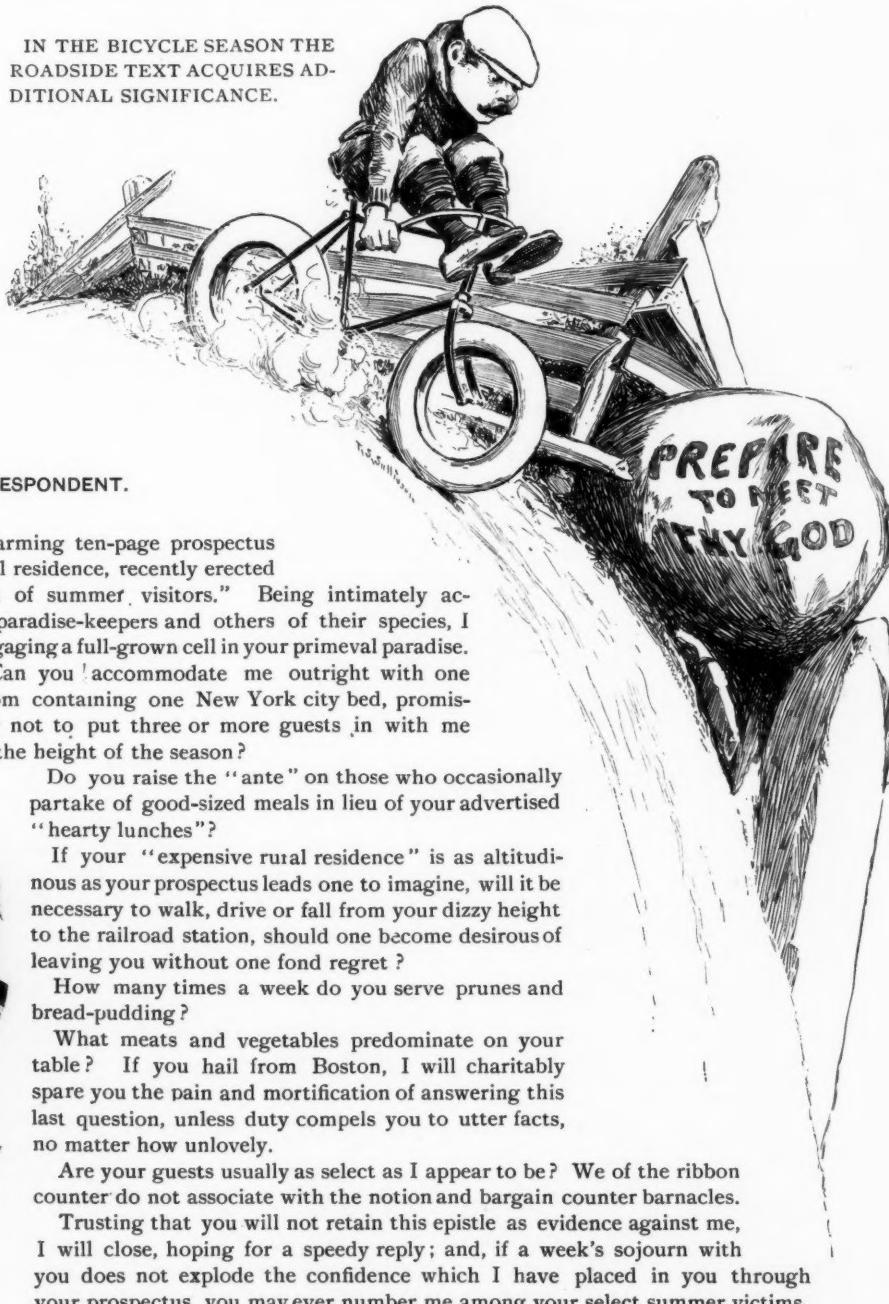


MONKEY LOGIC.

"I WONDER HOW DE JUKE LED HER ON. DEY SAY HE DIDN'T HAVE A CENT TO HIS NAME."

"IN DAT CASE HE MUST HAVE USED HIS NAME FOR A SCENT."

IN THE BICYCLE SEASON THE
ROADSIDE TEXT ACQUIRES ADDITIONAL SIGNIFICANCE.



AN INQUISITIVE CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR MISS SKINNEM:

I have just received your charming ten-page prospectus descriptive of your "expensive rural residence, recently erected expressly for the accommodation of summer visitors." Being intimately acquainted with the customs of rural paradise-keepers and others of their species, I wish to ask a few questions before engaging a full-grown cell in your primeval paradise.

Can you accommodate me outright with one room containing one New York city bed, promising not to put three or more guests in with me in the height of the season?

Do you raise the "ante" on those who occasionally partake of good-sized meals in lieu of your advertised "hearty lunches"?

If your "expensive rural residence" is as altitudinous as your prospectus leads one to imagine, will it be necessary to walk, drive or fall from your dizzy height to the railroad station, should one become desirous of leaving you without one fond regret?

How many times a week do you serve prunes and bread-pudding?

What meats and vegetables predominate on your table? If you hail from Boston, I will charitably spare you the pain and mortification of answering this last question, unless duty compels you to utter facts, no matter how unlovely.

Are your guests usually as select as I appear to be? We of the ribbon counter do not associate with the notion and bargain counter barnacles.

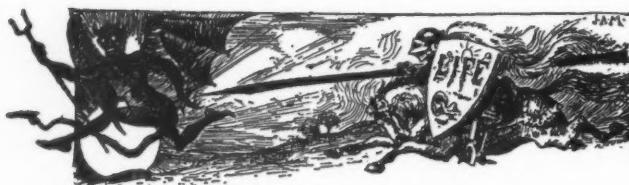
Trusting that you will not retain this epistle as evidence against me, I will close, hoping for a speedy reply; and, if a week's sojourn with you does not explode the confidence which I have placed in you through your prospectus, you may ever number me among your select summer victims.

Yours in suspense,

Alex. H. Laidlaw, Jr.



GUM ARABIC.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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BY the time this number of LIFE reaches its readers the Republican Convention will have begun its deliberations at St. Louis. It is not possible at this writing to anticipate the doings of that Convention with much satisfaction. So far as appears it is going to nominate McKinley on the most moderate sound money platform that the sound money men can be induced to support. Mr. McKinley's availability consists partly in the association of his name with a high tariff measure which was promptly repudiated by the people, partly in the uncertainty as to his convictions about the relative merits of the gold and silver dollar as the standard of value in the United States. The gold men are expected to vote for him because he is to run on a sound money platform, the silver men because he has a soft spot in his heart for silver. LIFE's opinion of the Major is that he has too many soft spots in him to make a safe President. It would rather give such support as it can to a harder and less sympathetic candidate, but the present expectation is that the silver men will have things all their own way at Chicago, and in that case there will be nothing for it but to vote for the candidate whose party is most nearly committed to the payment of honest debts with honest money.

Well, we shall see what we shall see, and if the event betters anticipation so much the happier for us. The Major is a pleasant gentleman and it will be easier to make the best of him than it would be to make the best of—say Senator Quay. But



if you put him on a gold platform, good Republican friends, spike him down to it, and clinch the spikes.

THE committee of the Army of the Tennessee which was appointed to select a design for a ninety thousand dollar statue of General Sherman is in bad odor with American sculptors because of the eccentric method it used in performing its work. It got a committee of sculptors, Messrs. St. Gaudens, Bruce Price, Charles Post and others, to examine the designs submitted and select four of the best ones. The expert committee made its choice, and then the original committee awarded the work to Carl Rohl Smith, of Chicago, whose design was not included in the four selected by the experts. The National Sculpture Society is justly scandalized by this action, and has protested both to the chairman of the Army Committee and to the Secretary of War. Mr. W. O. Partridge, a competent artist whose design was one of those selected by the experts and who was dropped from the competition by the Army Committee, proposes to sue for his rights in the courts. The popular conception of the uses of committees of artistic experts seems somewhat vague (as was lately illustrated in the case of the Heine monument) and the Sculpture Society intends, if possible, to make it clearer and more definite. Good luck to them in that work!

THE attention of ladies who still hesitate to be married is called to a recent decision of the Appellate Court in New York, sustaining the decision of Judge Gildersleeve in Simon *vs.* Simon. The facts were that the husband discharged a French governess against his wife's wish; the wife left him and went back to her father; husband and wife both applied for a separation and neither got one. Justice Williams of the Appellate Court explained that while the husband was legally the head of the family, practically the wife should have her way at home and be allowed to manage and control the details of housekeeping and servants. "An intelligent woman," says the Court, "should certainly not be subject to humiliation by her husband by the assertion that he is master and she must obey him." We all knew that before, but it makes for the re-assurance of the fair, and the encouragement of good manners, to have it definitely stated by two courts.

THE PASSING OF THE GRADUATE.

TO-DAY the college graduate.
His soul athirst for fame,
On themes that puzzle common minds
Doth learnedly declaim.

He holdeth forth on Church and State,
And fearlessly proceeds
To show the weakness of our laws,
The error of our
creeds.

He warns us, in portentous tones
And with uplifted
hand,
That RUIN, like a
vulture, broods
O'er this devoted
land,

Unless REFORM her
banner raise,
Ere yet it be too
late—
Then glances t'ward
the bench where
sits
The sweet girl-
graduate.

She, who but yester-
day declaimed
Her sex's scorn of
man,
And vowed that wo-
man's rights
should rule—
Her banner lead the
van.

And yet, to-morrow
where are they
These standards to
unfurl?
He's pitcher in a baseball nine,
And she's a summer girl.

SETTING THEM RIGHT.

CALLERS: Are the ladies at
home?

BRIDGET (examining their cards):
Sure, ma'am, it isn't them that lives
here—it's the McAdamses.

"I SN'T it too bad about young
Fosdick losing his mind?"
"It is, indeed. What caused him
to go crazy?"

"He tried to select a bicycle from
the advertisements in the papers."



*She: WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I GET OLD AND LOOK
LIKE THAT WOMAN WE JUST PASSED ?
"OF COURSE I WILL, DARLING!"
"OH, YOU LOVELY STUPID ! I NEVER WILL LOOK LIKE
THAT!"*

AMBITIOUS BOSTON.

THE town of Boston, being somewhat short of water, has undertaken to build herself a lake, and proposes to spend \$19,000,000 in its construction. It is to be eight miles long and upwards of two miles wide, and will hold sixty-three billion gallons of water. Its site is near Worcester, on the Nashua river, and spreads over a district at present occupied by mills, churches, railroads, highways, and the homes of 2,000 people. It is to be finished in about two years, and will hold twice as much water as the new Croton reservoir.

Boston is unobtrusive, self-satisfied and so attentive to her own affairs that we are apt to forget how competent and effectual she is. Her new lake is to

AN OMISSION.

HUSBAND: I expect some friends of mine this evening, and I must go out and buy some cigars.

WIFE: Why, I thought you bought some for them.
"I did, but I forgot to get any for myself."



SOMETHING UP.



AND SHE DIDN'T.

supply all the towns within ten miles of her State-house—a district whereof the inhabitants know more, have more fun and get more satisfaction out of life than the population of any surface of equal circumference in the known world.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL—
Brooklyn trolley track.

• LIFE •

YOUR FIRST AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

YOU dwell on it at odd moments a week before the time arrives, and arrange somewhat loosely in your mind what you will say, making up little packages of thought, like wads of paper in a kite tail, and adjusting them so they can be loosened quickly and changed about. In this way, you can at the last moment take off the head and put it where the tail is, and vice-versa, or you can take up the thread in the middle and work outwards. You are too cautious to arrange a set speech in your mind beforehand and learn it by heart, for in case it should not fit

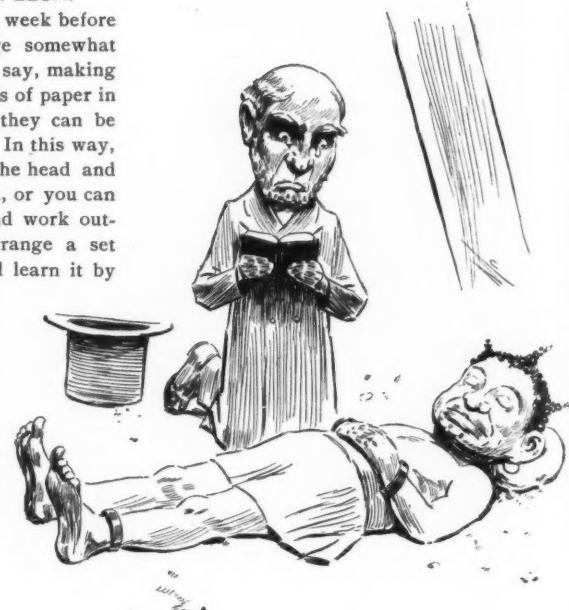
the temper of your listeners, you have nothing to fall back on. No. You prefer to wait and get the spirit of the occasion. Neither will you take any other man as a model. You know too much for that. You will be yourself—easy, natural, graceful. You picture it all before, and address various audiences in undertones, when you are on the street, in the horse cars or in the seclusion of your own front parlor. You scorn to read from notes, preferring, as you say to yourself, to fail rather than be guilty of premeditated crime. When your wife suddenly opens the door and catches you talking to yourself you vehemently deny that you are so doing, and explain that you were only humming, which she is considerate enough to believe, not wishing to acknowledge, even to herself, that the man she respects would deceive her in so small

a matter. As the fatal evening approaches, you grow inwardly more nervous, but conceal this by an outward bravado which, however, fades away as you enter the dining-room and are cordially greeted by the master of ceremonies, who whispers that "You are expected to do great things to-night, old man." This takes away what lingering remnants of appetite you have had, and thenceforth you feel like a man in a boat who is approaching the rapids on a current which he is unable to stem.

Your best story is told by the second speaker, whom you applaud lustily, feeling dimly that some honor is due to the man who has left you, so to speak, without a leg to stand on. You are faintly conscious that your kite tail of thought has blown away, and, like a drowning man who clutches at a straw, you applaud each successive speaker as long as possible in order to defer the moment when you will be called upon. Thus all traces of presence of mind that you may have had in the beginning gradually ooze away with each vociferous outburst and you sullenly realize that your case is entirely hopeless.

At last you feel, rather than hear, that your name has been spoken, and as you slowly rise you are conscious of that boring sensation that fifty focused glances can produce, and mentally wishing they were so many bullets that would put you out of the way at once. There is a pause, and then you begin with the one thing that you had previously discarded as being in such poor taste. But it obtrudes itself upon you and you recklessly throw it off. You do not remember this at the time, but you recall it afterwards with a sickening sense that almost produces heart failure. At the end of some years, as it seems to you, during which your lips have moved and no sound has come forth, you sit down amid loud applause and an intensity of relief that admits of no comparison.

It is only after you get home, in the silence of your own chamber, that you recall all the bright things you might have said. It is not the consciousness that you might have done better, however, that unmans you. It is the firm conviction that you could not possibly have done worse.



"HOW ABOUT YOUR ENEMIES, MY SON?"
"I HAVE NONE."
"YOU HAVE FORGIVEN THEM?"
"I HAVE EATEN THEM."

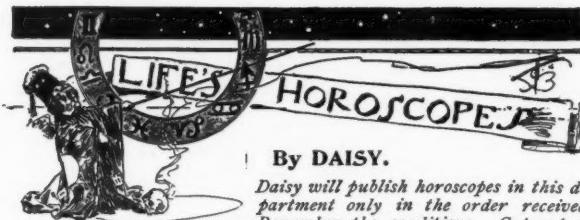


THERE WAS A YOUNG MAID NAMED ELFINO,
WHO MET A YOUNG MAN — AN ALBINO.
SHE ASKED IF A FRIGHT
HAD TURNED HIS HAIR WHITE,
TO WHICH HE REPLIED "DAMIFINO."

THE APOLOGIA.

(TO A FAMOUS IMPRESSIONIST.)

I CANNOT tell what you say, purple Cow,
I cannot tell what you say;
Because the salmon-pink Ewe in the Pasture-Lot blue
Is singing her Roundelay.



By DAISY.

Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roentgen.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

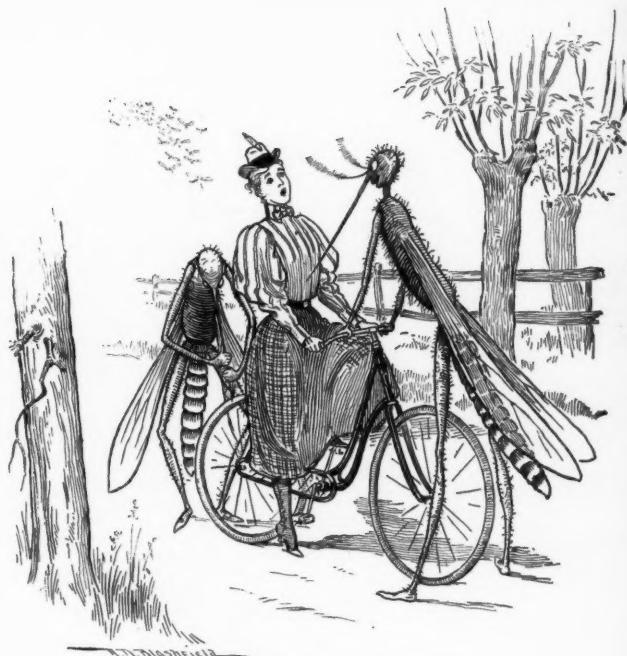
SAMUEL L. (C-L-M-N-S).

THIS gentleman was born under the rear end of a stacked Pleiades, with a rising barometer on Gemini, the Great Bear stuffed with chestnut burrs, a creme de menthe fog on Libra, and Venus playing leap-frog with Jupiter. In personal appearance he is very short and has a rotund framework, nasturtium cheeks with inlaid eyes, feet with a double accent, a huckleberry walk, and looks well in a barber's shop. He has an inordinate desire for dress and spends all of his time in grooming himself, and looks as if he had stepped out of a whirlwind. He should curb this and wear simple Mother Hubbards weighted with his own words at the bottom and illustrated with appropriate designs, or would look well in a Leghorn hat and roller-skates. He has a responsive temperament and when flush should avoid publishers. Will find his most congenial companions among Methodist deacons and total abstainers, and would do good work as a foreign missionary, a cab driver or a dealer in second-hand clothes.

* * *

PAUL (K-R-G-R).

THIS gentleman was born under Andromeda, Leo under a cloud, Pegasus with the spring halt, Castor and Pollux coming in at the side door and the Milky Way strewn with whiskers. He is very tall, with a sweet, winning smile, a wiener wurst neck has a windswept horizon with a grass-grown face and would do good work as a bird's nest in a primeval forest. He looks well in a canopy. Should wear a wire screen when up and use a lawn mower on his face. Has a forgiving disposition and is very hospitable, insisting that his guests shall stay with him even if they have to be locked up. Is very industrious, easily earning his own living and would do good work as an Emperor a Coney Island beer tosser or a Wild Man from Borneo.



ANOTHER BICYCLIST HELD UP IN NEW JERSEY.

A-L-F-N-S-O XIII. (BABY KING OF SPAIN.)

THIS young man was born under an insurgent moon, with Taurus in tandem with Mars, a salute of twenty-one toy-pistols on Uranus, and the bottom out of Cassiopeia's chair. He will grow to be tall and thin, due to a lack of nourishment, with a hot tamale complexion and Spanish gait, and as he gets older will grow constantly poorer. He is ambitious, with a sanguine temperament, and under good conditions would amount to something, but is hampered by a lack of precedent and unfavorable surroundings. He is the recipient of many favors from those who love him for what there is in it, and he should put by all the cash he receives, as he will need it later on. He should beware of real estate agents, visit in Cuba for his health, and smoke loaded Havana cigars three times a day. Would make a good messenger boy, a news-agent, or would succeed as lemonade-carrier in a circus.

RUMORS from New Haven attest the strenuous dissatisfaction of the Yale undergraduates with the site chosen by the authorities for the statue of President Woolsey. The plan is to put the statue in front of Durfee, and the undergraduates object that it will be in their way and interfere with their spring competitions at the game of mumble-the-peg. It seems never to have been quite settled at Yale whether the university was made for the undergraduates or the undergraduates for the university.

LIFE

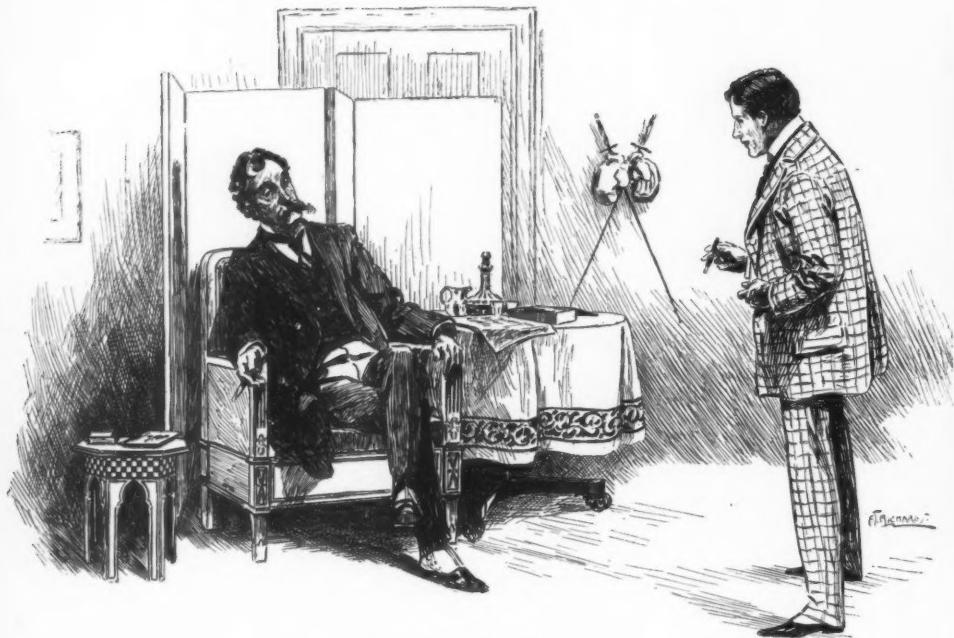


THE RECRUITING SE

LIFE.



BRUITING SERGEANT.



A GOOD FOUNDATION.

"JACK, YOU HAVE AN UNUSUAL AMOUNT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE FOR A MAN JUST GRADUATED FROM COLLEGE."
"WELL, YOU SEE, UNCLE, I HAD A GOOD COMMON SCHOOL EDUCATION BEFORE I WENT THERE."

TALL MEN.



I HATE a tall man. I hate him from the ground up. Tall men injure and despoil me in a thousand ways. Suppose that I am in an encircling crowd trying to gaze upon something of rare concern. A tall man immediately plants himself in front of me and obscures all that part of the firmament below the Northern Star. Can I ask him to step aside? Certainly, if I wish to confess to my shortness, but pride forbids. I try in silence to steal such glimpses of the spectacle as may suffice for the humble, and the tall man, looking on at his ease, as if he sat in a watch-tower, doubles his satisfaction by turning about and catching me craning my neck. In the meantime I can feel that another May-pole in rear is swelling with pride to think that he can look over my head. I have never yet seen a dog-fight.

Four yards of cloth make a short man a suit of clothes; but when he orders a suit at the tailor's he must pay for five yards. Why? Simply because some tall outrage will need six yards, and the short man is held to make

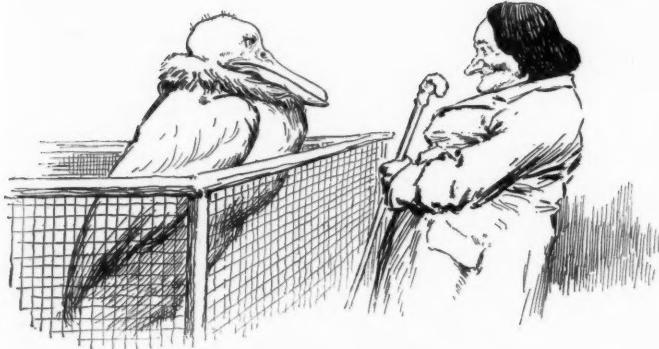
up the average. Look at the brazen-faced giant, the complacent robber, swinging down the street! He is wearing two feet of trouser leg that some short man paid for, and he makes a fine appearance. And what is the short man doing? He is wearing the other two feet of trouser leg, and he is not accounted to make any appearance at all.

Pope was a short man. He had the short man's marvelous brain, but also the short man's sensibility. How perfect the world once seemed to him! "An honest man's the noblest work of God," he once said, seized with a lofty sentiment and thinking that he was hitting the nail on the head. But after a series of mortifying incidents which culminated at a levee where the top of his head was mistaken for a figure in the Japanese rug, he felt constrained to qualify his original statement:

An honest man's the noblest work of all—
With this condition, that he's six feet tall;
An honest man from five to five feet eight,
Though none respect yet some may tolerate;
While shorter still their merit best display.
To rapt beholders, in the dime musee.



OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST.



"WELL, YOU POOR OLD BIPED, NATURE'S BEEN KIND OF SKIMPY IN FIXIN' YOUR TOP-KNOT, HASN'T SHE?"

But it is not alone in the vulgar and unkind breathing world that short men are ill-treated and contemned. Look upon literature and art! See the ignominy of the short man perpetuated! When did a sycophantic writer make his heroes of ordinary and reasonable stature? When did a meretricious and wicked sculptor make his gods short? Never. Never since the false chisel and the hireling pen were devised have they ceased from obsequious compliment to the gigantic and the strong. Fellow short men, let us rise! Long enough has the fatuous tall man been flattered by beholding Apollo in lofty marble; long enough has his base and earthy soul been expanded by his reading of heroes "tall and handsome," of "knights of commanding stature," of beautiful women looking "up" into the eyes of their noble protectors. Fellow short men, we have the wealth, the power and the intelligence of the world. Let us hereafter demand that the hero of fiction shall be "far below the medium height," that he shall be described as "handsome and possessed of more than ordinary shortness," or as "of a most noble and abbreviated presence."

Let us demand that in the galleries of sculpture that we are paying for, visitors shall have only the forms and proportions of the short to gaze upon with awe and admiration. Yea, from short gods and short wrestlers and short hurlers of the discus, let pedants point out the marvelous beauty of the human form.

Let us in this way subvert the wicked and tyrannical rule that now exists, so that every tall man

who visits a gallery of statuary will be mortified and overwhelmed with the comparison, and, departing, feel that he bears a burden of opprobrium and shame.

Williston Fish.

A FEW WANTS.

WANTED: a kneepan smooth and hard,
Unseamed, and a perfect fit;
Prepared from stuff uncommonly tough
That is warranted not to split.

Wanted: a brand new set of ribs,
Not made for vain display;
Not twisted, torn, or warped and worn,
But curved in the proper way.

Wanted: a pair of perfect ears—
No fluted edges for me;
An ear not ground, but round and sound
As a real good ear should be.

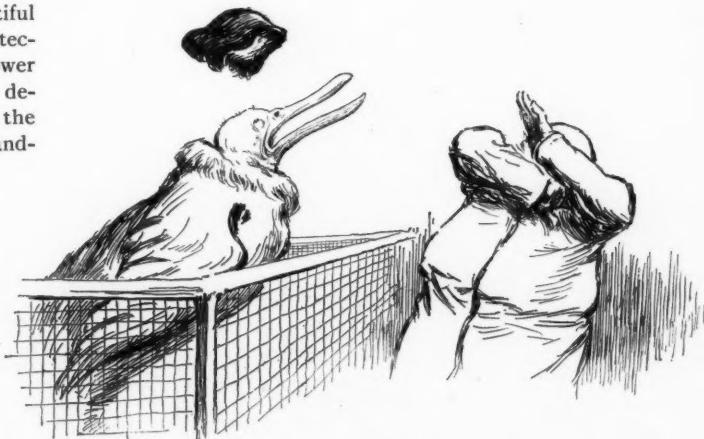
Wanted: a face. I am
not vain
And a good plain face
will do,
That is not a sight—with
the color white—
For I'm tired of black
and blue.

A man that's new I'll
be once more
When these parts have
been supplied:
And maybe, then, I will
mount again
That wheel and learn
to ride.

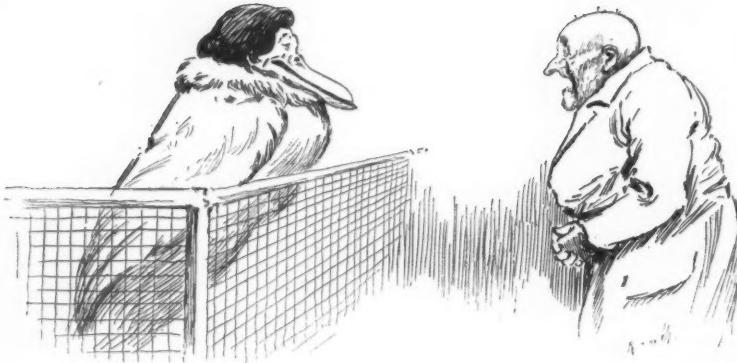
Tom Masson.



The Biped: WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY —



— YOU — OLD —



— BALD-HEADED SUCKER !

A LEAF FROM A MODERN NOVEL.
(PRESUMABLY BY THOMAS HARDY.)

SHE took the sugar-bowl from the tray and sweetened her tea slowly. Not that she did this deliberately or with any special consciousness of the tea. Eleanor was not a girl who cared particularly—at any rate, she never yet had cared particularly—whether her tea contained too much or too little sugar. She would have swallowed the tea even had she not done what she now did and

put the sugar in it out of the sugar-bowl. But the tray being there, and the sugar-bowl, Eleanor did what she had been in the habit of doing ever since those dear old days. Perhaps the act brought back to her mind memories of countless similar acts. Certain it is that there was a thoughtful expression in her face on this occasion. It was white sugar, she remembered afterwards, nor was



A CHANGE.

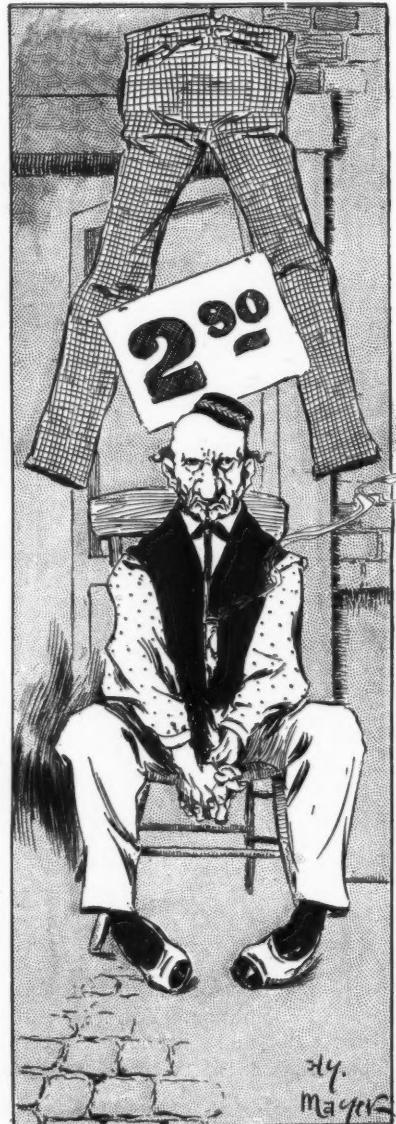
"LIZZIE, YOU'S A PUTTIN' ON LUGS, AIN'T YER ?"
"JIMMIE, I'M SORRY I CAN'T BE AS I WUZ TO YER; DE OLE MAN, ME FADER, IS A BANKIN' ON A LOTTERY TICKET WOT HE FOUND; IF IT DRAWS DE BOODLE HE'S A GOIN' TO SEND ME TO EUROPE TO MASH A TITLED BLOKE WID BLUE BLOOD A-COURSIIN' TROO HIS CARCASE!"

there anything either in the tea, or in the sugar, or in the bowl to make this all linger in her memory long after she had completely forgotten other instances when she had taken the sugar-bowl from the tray and sweetened her tea slowly.

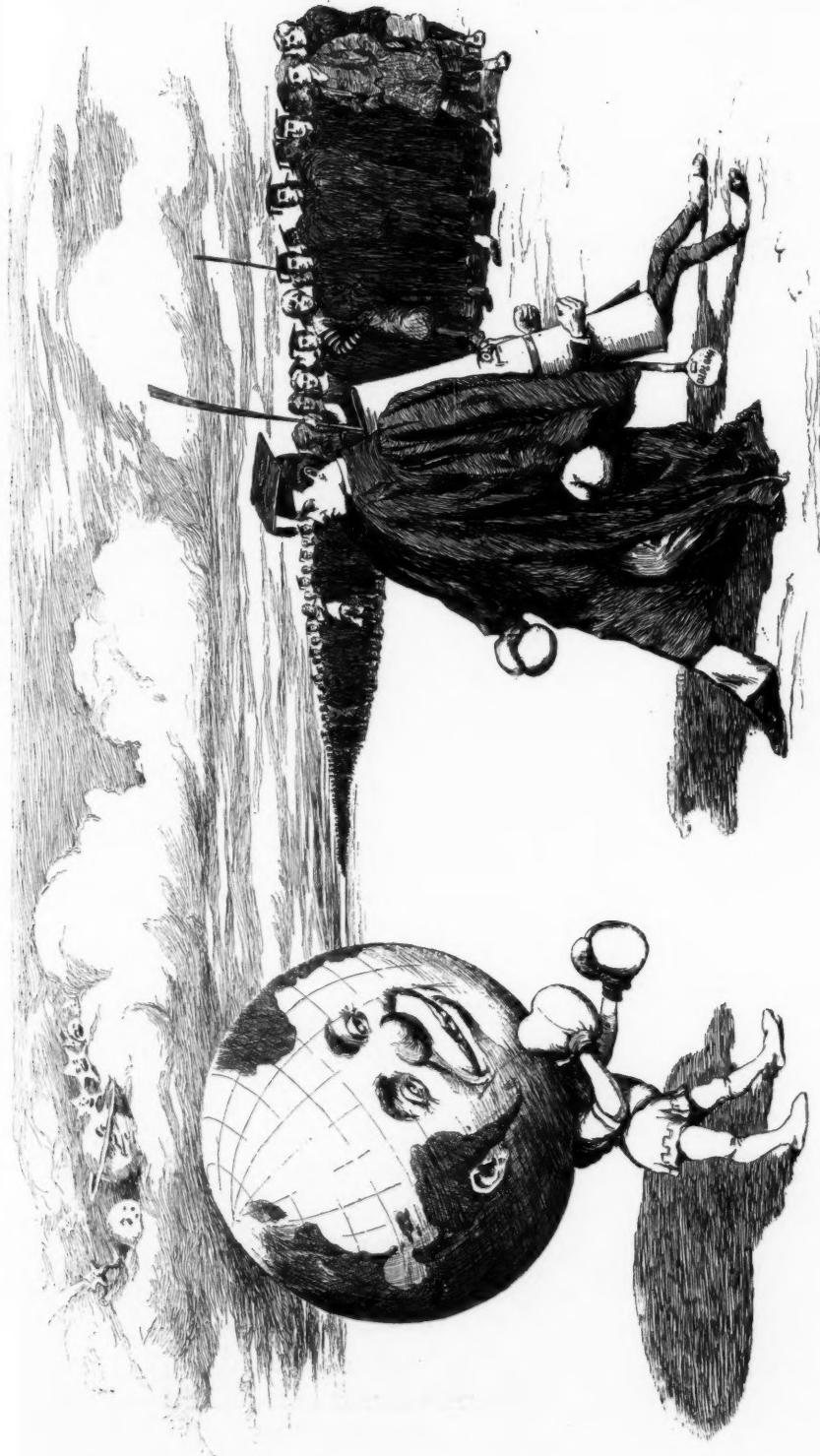
THE OLD GAME.

OVERBRIDGE: What's New York going to do if Tammany gets hold of it again?

INTOSTAY: Stand Pat.



THE SACRIFICE OF ISAAC.



"NOW, YOUNG MAN, I MAY LOOK SMALL TO YOU; BUT REMEMBER, I HAVE KNOCKED OUT BIGGER MEN, AND WITHOUT MUCH TROUBLE."

HER AGE.

WHAT is her age?
Beware, my boy! seek not to
know
What is her age;
For, knowing women, I presage
If to her on that quest you go,
You will discover, doing so,
What is her rage.

AN UNDESIRABLE METHOD.

THE Methodist Church in the United States ought to hit upon some blander way of retiring its superannuated bishops. The present method is for the Conference to declare an old bishop non-effective and elect a new man to succeed him in office. It is an effectual way, but somewhat abrupt, and while it may be good business it is not good manners. If the Methodists think it inexpedient to let their bishops grow old in office, as the Catholics and Episcopalians do, they might profitably make a rule that all bishops should be retired at the age of seventy, or whatever age seems proper.

A MATTER OF HEALTH.

THEATRICAL MANAGER:
You say you want a position in my company. Why, man, you don't look well enough.

ACTOR: That's just it. My doctor says if I will walk thirty miles a day I'll be cured.

MUCH WORSE.

SHE: Do you know anything worse than a man taking a kiss without asking for it?

HE: I do.

"What, for instance?"

"Asking for it without taking it."

HENCEFORTH Cornell will give its A.B. degree to men who know neither Latin nor Greek. Cornell is a great and liberal university, but how about the education her A.B. now stands for. Has that a sound claim to be called liberal also? Heretofore a liberal education has been one in which Greek and Latin were explicitly included.

LIFE



HELP IN SIGHT.

Oh, potent seniors! therefore pause
And knit each reverend brow,
In solemn study o'er the laws
To which mankind must bow?
Why contradict and storm and flout?
Just wait a bit, we pray,
Till Phyllis brings her essay out
On graduation day.

Financial cares we long have felt,
She'll pilot us straight through—
The gravest problems then will melt,
Like summer hail, to dew;
So wherefore trouble with a doubt
Your heads already gray,
Since Phyllis brings an essay out
On graduation day?

—Washington Star.

RAILROAD PRESIDENT: I want you to make room for that idiot nephew of mine who has just come from college.

MANAGER: What does he know about railroads?
"Absolutely nothing."

"Good. I'll put him at the head of the Information Bureau."—Town Topics.

MAUDE: Brother broke an iron bar with his two hands yesterday.

CLAUDE: That's nothing. My brother broke four men with one hand last night.—Detroit Free Press.

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At one of the London clubs, the other week, two card-players devised an ingenious way of dealing with the class of bore who persists in looking on at a game and making remarks about it. It was at the Prince of Wales's Club that the incident occurred. After standing the nuisance for some time, one of the players asked one of the spectators to play the hand for him until he returned. The spectator took the cards, whereupon the first player left the room. Pretty soon the second player followed the example of the first. The two substitutes played for some time, when one of them asked the waiter where the two original players were.

"They are playing cards in the next room," was the waiter's reply.—*Tit-Bits*.

BLOOZIN: I see that the election did not result as you predicted.

JAZRIG: Yes, it did; you're not the only one I predicted to.—*Roxbury Gazette*.

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THE DAUGHTER OF A STOIC. By Cornelius Atwood Pratt.

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Tartarin on the Alps. By Alphonse Daudet. London: J. M. Dent & Co.

George's Mother. By Stephen Crane. New York and London: Edward Arnold.

Is Life Worth Living? By William James. Philadelphia: S. Burns Weston.

The Way They Loved at Grimpata. By E. Rentoul Esler. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Truth Tellers. By John Strange Winter. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine. Vol. LI. New Series, Vol. XXIX.

How Women Love, and Other Tales. By Max Nordau. New York and Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely.

The Broken Ring. By Elizabeth Knight Tompkins. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"WHAT bait do you use," said a saint to the devil,

"When you fish where the souls of men abound?"

"Well, for special tastes," said the king of evil,

"Gold and fame are the best I've found."

"But for general use?" asked the saint. "Ah! then,"

Said the demon, "I angle for man, not men,

And a thing I hate

Is to change my bait,

So I fish with a woman the whole year round."

John Boyle O'Reilly.

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LIFE



"Double, double toll and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

That's the old way of making soup. Put your meat and soup bones in the "cauldron" and fuss over it for hours.

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saves you all that "toil and trouble." Add boiling water to the Extract and you have, instantly, a really palatable Bouillon or Clear Beef Soup. No trouble or mystery about it. Anyone can do it.

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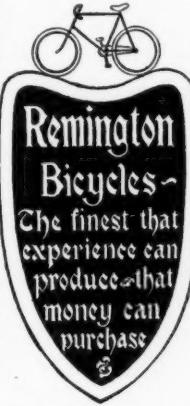
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MUSIC BY THE CHOIR.

AFTER the church organist had played a voluntary, introducing airs from "1492" and the "Black Crook"—which, of course, were not recognized by the congregation—the choir arose for its first anthem of the morning.

The choir was made up of two parts, a quartette and a chorus. The former occupied seats in the front row—because the members were paid. The chorus was grouped about and made a somewhat striking as well as startling picture. There were some who could sing; some who thought they could; and there were others.

The leader of this aggregation was the tenor of the quartette. He was tall, but his neck was responsible for considerable of his extreme height. Because he was paid to lead that choir he gave the impression to those who saw him that he was cutting some ice. A greater part of his contortions were lost because the audience did not face the choir.

The organist struck a few chords and without any preliminary wood-sawing the choir squares itself for action. Of course, there were a few who did not find the place till after arising—this is so in all choirs—but finally all appeared to be ready. The leader let out another link in his neck, and while his head was taking a motion similar to a hen's when walking, the choir broke loose. This is what it sang:

"Abide-e-e—bide—ab—abide—with abide with—bide—a-a-a-a-bide—me—with me-e-e—abide with—with me—fast—f-a-a-s-t falls—abide—fast—the even—fast fa-a-a-lls the—abide with me—eventide—falls the-e-e-eventide—fast—the dark—the darkness abide—the darkness deepens—Lor-r-d with me-e-e—Lord with me—deepens—Lord—Lord—darkness deepens—wi-i-th me—Lord with me—me a-a-a-a-abide."

That was the first verse.

There were three others.

Everyone is familiar with the hymn, hence it is not necessary to line the verses.

During the performance some who had not attended the choir rehearsal the Thursday evening previous were a little slow in spots. During the passage of these spots some would move their lips and not utter a sound, while others—particularly the ladies—found it convenient to feel of their back hair or straighten their hats. Each one who did this had a look as if she could honestly say: "I could sing that if I saw fit"—and the choir sang on.

But when there came a note, a measure or a bar with which all were familiar, what a grand volume of music burst forth. It didn't happen this way many times, because the paid singers were supposed to do the greater part of the work. And the others were willing.

At one point, after a breathing spell, or a rest, as musicians say—the tenor started alone. He didn't mean to. But by this break the deacons discovered that he was in the game and earning his salary. The others caught him at the first quarter, however, and away they went again, neck and neck. Before they finished, several had changed places. Sometimes "Abide" was ahead, and sometimes "Lord," but on the whole it was a pretty even thing.

Then the minister—he drew a salary, also—read something out of the Bible, after which—as they say in the newspapers—"there was another well-rendered selection by the choir."

This spasm was a tenor solo with chorus accompaniment. This was when he of the long neck got in his deadly work. The audience faced the choir, and the salaried soloist was happy.

When the huddling had ceased the soloist stepped a trifle to the front and, with the confidence born of a man who stands pat on four aces, gave a majestic sweep of his head toward the organist. He said nothing, but the movement implied, "Let'er go, Gallagher."

Gallagher was on deck, and after getting his patent-leather shoes well-braced on the sub-bass pedals, he knotted together a few chords, and the soloist was off. His selection was—that is, verbatim :

"Ge-yide me, ge-yide me, ge-yide me, O—
Thor-or gra-ut Jaw-aw-hars-vah,
Pi-il-grum thraw-aw this baw-aw-raw un larnd."

And he sang other things.

He was away up in G. He diminuendoed, struck a cantabile movement, slid up over a crescendo, tackled a second ending by mistake—but it went—caught his second wind on a moderato, signified his desire for a raise in salary on a trill, did some brilliant work on a maestoso, reached high C with ease, went down into the bass clef and climbed again, quavered and held, did sixteen notes by the handful—payable on demand—waltzed along a minor passage, gracefully turned the dal segno, skipped a chromatic run, did the con espressione act worthy of a De Reszke, poured forth volumes on a measure hold, broke the center of an andante passage for three yards, retarded to beat the band, came near getting applause on a cadenza, took a six-barred triplet without turning a hair—then sat down.

Between whilsts the chorus had been singing something else. The notes bumped against the oiled natural food rafters—it was a modern church—ricocheted over the memorial windows, clung lovingly to the new \$200 chandelier, floated along the ridgepole, patted the bald-headed deacons fondly and finally died away in a bunch of contribution boxes in the corner.

Then the minister preached.—Boston Herald.



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Schmittwurst (in water): HELLUP! HELLUP! I'M TOOK MIT KRAMPS—I'M DROWNDIN'.
Bloomhecht (on shore): VAT AM I TO DO, MEIN FRIENDT?—I CAN'T SCHWIM. IF YOU MEET AARON BUDWEISS VERE YOU'RE A-GOIN' TO, TELL HIM HIS SHTORE PURN'T OUT LASHT VEER UNT HIS VIFE GOT DE INSURANCE MONEY, UNT IF YER COME ACROSSED OLT YACOB LOMINSKY TELL HIM HE VENT DEAD TOO SOON, FOR DERE'S A PIG DEMAND NOW FOR SHOE-SHSTRINGS UNT SILK SUSHPENDERS!

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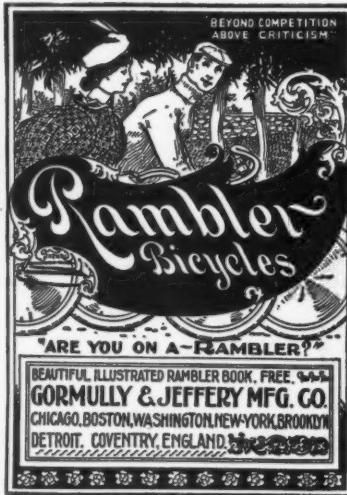
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